Hearing all the while the music of my mother voice in song, As she sang in sweet accents what I since hav

So I drew it from the recess, where it ! bad re

often read. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, hol angels guard thy bed." As I listened, recollections that I thought ha

been forgot, Came with all the gush of memory rushing thronging to the spot; And I wandered back to childhood, to tho: merry days of yore,

When I knelt beside my mother, by this bed upon the floor. Then it was, with hands so gently placed upor my infant head,

That she taught my lips to utter carefully the words she said. Never have they been forgotten, deep are they in memory riven.

"Hallowe be Thy name, oh, Father, Father Th who art in Heaven." This she taught me, then she told me of its im

port great an deep,

After which I learned to utter, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then it was with hands uplifted, and in accent

soft and mild, Then my mother asked our Father, "Father de Thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother long has mouldered 'neath the sod, And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the ho

of God. But that scene at summer twilight, never ha from memory fled, And it comes in all its freshness when I see my

FIFTY YEARS AMONG PUBLIC MEN.

trundle bed.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

Guiteau's dastardly attempt on the life of Gen. Garfield has called forth several articles on the "assassination of Presidents," and in two of them, at least, the assault of Lieut. Randolph upon Gen. Jackson is mentioned. But Randolph was not an assassin, and it was his intention not to kill or even wound President Jackson, but to pull his nose

and he pulled it.

Robert B. Randolph, of the best blood in Virginia, entered the United States navy as a mid-shipman, and rose by his good seamanship and gallantry, until he became the favorite subalteran of the heroic Decatur, in the war with Great Britain. Years afterward, while serving as lieutenant on the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, he was ordered to perform the duties and adjust the accounts of the purser, who had died, some said, by his own hand. He discharged these unaccustomed duties to the best of his ability, and, it was believed by those who knew him, with the strictest integrity. When the squadron returned to the United States, Lieut. Randolph promptly rendered an account of his acting-pursership, in which the crucible of the auditorship of the treasury developed a large deficit, and an inquiry was instituted, to ascertain who was 'responsible therefor, the confined situation." A bowl of water old purser, J. B. Timberlake, or his was brou ht, and while washing the successor, Lieut. Randolph. This in-

arcent rest. daughter of the landlord of the best tavern in Washington, fifty years ago, and was much petted by the gentlemen-boarders, especially by Andrew Jack-son and John Henry Eaton, then senators from Tennessee, and fast friends. She denied, in after year, that she used to be called Peggy, but said that ker lovers used to call her "bonny Maggie Lander." She had a well rounded, graceful form, a profusion of dark auburn hair, a Grecian profile, and bright blue eyes. She was a great belle; and, to the astonishment of her friends, she finally married Purser John Bowie Timberlake, U. S. N. He was soon ordered to sea, and it was said that his liberal remittances to his extravagant young wife accounted for the subse

quent deficiency in his accounts.

Gen. Jackson became President, and he appointed his old friend Gen. Eaton Secretary of War. Both were widow ers, but Gen. Eaton soon married their old pet, who had become the widow Timberlake, and she was installed as the mistress of the White House. "Old Hickory" was as vain as he was imperious, and Mrs. Eaton was in the highest degree ambitious, unscrupulous and exacting. Of course some of the more puritanical ladies in society rebelled but Jackson swore "by the Eternal" that she should receive the most marked attention from all who visited the White House, especially those who held Federal offices or acted in Congress with the Democratic party. At last Mrs. Calhoun flatly refused to call on her, and she made Jackson demand an explanation from Mr. Calhoun, then Vice-President. The haughty but pure-minded Carolinian defended his wife as best he could, saying that "the quar-rels of women, like those of the Medes and Persians, admitted of neither in-quiry nor explanation." The social and political circles at Washington were convulsed, and the Cabinet was finally broken up, Mr. Calhoun leading Mrs. Eaton's enemies into the opposition, while she remained supreme at the

Gen. Jackson, when he had retired from the White House in after years, remarked to a friend one day that he had found defeating the British at New Orleans a much easier task than trying to make ladies agree who had to make ladies agree who had determined to quarrel. A child could lead a horse to water, but a whole army of men could not make that horse drink. Mrs. Eato ruled Washington with imperious s ay, and army g other things she endervor the fate the memory of her first husband, and to protect what property he had left her, by throwing the responsibility of his defalories. ing the responsibility of his defalcation

pon his successor. Lieut. Randolph, finding this charge quite current, and apparently sanction-ed by the President, demanded a court of inquiry which was granted him by the secretary of the navy. The coursewas convened, and after a full investigation acquitted Lieut. Randolph of all moral culpability, but censured him for the loose manner in which his pur-ser's accounts were kept. To the as-tonishment of all, this finding of the court of inquiry was disappro d by President Jackson, who ordered the name of Lieut. Randolph to be stricken from the rolls of the navy. This cruel act was ascribed to the influence of Mrs. Eaton, who exulted over it. Jackson was no halting or doubting cavalier, and wherever his faith was pledged to

friend or foe, he never violated it. His gallantry was of the chivalric order, and after having broken up his cabinet rather than allow any of the wives of its members to "cut" Mrs. Eaton, he would not acquiesce in the vindication of an officer which cast a shadow upon he reputation of her first husband, and

endangered her little estate. A Story is told at the White House which illustrates Gen. Jackson's devotion to Mrs. Eaton and his impetu-ous temper. One day, when the circu-lated scandals about Mrs. Eaton had hrown that lady into a severe attack of illness, a servant rushed to Gen. Jack-son's sitting-room, and said that "Dr." Hall says that unless Mrs. Eaton can have a hot brick against her feet right away she cannot live, and there are none down stairs!" "Bring me an ax!" exclaimed the President and, when one was brought, he gave two or three blows at the bricks which formed the urch above the hearth, and sent the bricks into the het hickory-wood fire.
"There!" said he, "take a couple of
those bricks into Mrs Eaton's room, and to-morrow have a mason come and mend the chimney."The servant retired with the bricks, and Gen. Jackson, taking up his corn-cob pipe with a reed stem, finished his smoke. "Bonnie Maggie Lander" had to be cared for, if the White House chimney was damaged, and to please her, a gallant officer, who had borne himself with conspicuous courage in the service of his coun-

President Jackson signed the order dismissing Lieut. Randolph on the 19th of April, 1833, and on the 6th of May following he left Washington on the steamboat "Sydney" on his way to Fredericksburg, where he was to lay the corner-stone of a monument which a wealthy New Yorker proposed to erect to the memory of the mother of Wash-ington. Unluckily he lost his property before the monument was completed, and the Virginians have never finished it, although Congress has been importuned to make an appropriation for that

The steamboat stopped for a few mo-

ments at Alexandria, and several persons came on board, among them Lieut Randolph, who went into the cabin, where the President was sitting reading a newspaper, and advancing toward him, began to draw off his right glove. The President, not recognizing Randolph, and supposing that it was some one who wished to shake hands with him, excused himself for not rising, and said: "Never mind your glove, sir!" and extended his hand. Randolph having gotten his glove off, exclaimed: "I am Lieutenant Robert Bowie Randolph, whom you have basely wronged and calumniated," and as he spoke he grasped the President's nose and tweaked it vigorously. The captain of the steamboat, who had followed Randolph into the cabin, suspecting his errand, seized him, and the by-standers, recovering from their astonishment, valiantly pounced upon him, and hustled him roughly from the cabin. The President, whose face was covered with blood from his tweaked nose, sprang to his feet, seized his cane, and advanced towards Randolph. Whether Randolph was pushed out of the cabin by friends or foes is not certain, but the President did not follow him, saying: "Had I known that Randolph stood before me "Had I I should have been prepared for him, and I would have defended myself. No villain has ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my vestigation introduced a new party into asked whether he was badly hurt? the drama. "No," he replied, "I am not much leave to rise I have strained my wounded side, which pains

me worse than it did." A citizen of Alexandria came in and said that Lieut. Randolph had been pursued by a mob to the house of his friend, Capt. Delaney, where he took a sword that was in the hall, and declared that he would cut down any man who stepped on the porch. "General," the man went on to say, "I'll kill Randolph in less than fifteen minutes, if you will promise to pardon me in case I am tried and convicted."

"No, sir!" said the President, "I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, and none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly rillain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again.'

The court was in session, and before the steamer left Alexandria on her way down the Potomae, the grand jury had found a bill for assault against Lieut. Randolph, and a beach-warrant had been issued for his apprehension. But Alexandria was then within the limits of the District of Columbia, and he had crossed the line into the State of Virginia. He published a statement of the 'wrongs'' which he had received, and some of the Whig newspapers, while they condemned the outrage, intimated that there were passages in the life of President Jackson which justified vio-

John Randolph, of Roanoke, had openly resented this treatment of Lieut. Randolph, who was his kinsman, as characteristic of the "insolence a)d vulgar malice of the frontier ruffian who had intruded into the place once occupied by gentlemen and statesmen," meaning Jackson. He had invited Lieut. Randolph to pass the remainder of his days at Roanoke, but he passed away soon after the assault, and the Lieutenant settled down at Alexandria

in retirement and obscurity.

Washington became too hot for Mrs Eaton, even with Gen. Jackson's protection, and she obtained the appointment of her husband as governor of Florida, and a few years later as minister to Spain. While at Malrid she en-loyed the friendship of the dissolute Queen Christina, the Regent, and on her return she brought an open landau, one of the first seen at Washington. She used to drive with her oldest daughter, then Miss Timberlake, late in the afternoon, neither of them wearing bonnets, but each having a mantilla thrown own her head in Spanish fashion, fasten,d to a large comb with a bunch of red roses. Never was the old Latin proverb, "Fair mother, fairer daughter," more charmingly illustrated than by Mrs. Eaton and her daughter Virginia, and the young men at Washington went and over the latter. Philip Barton Key, then young and unmarried, afterwards murdered by Dan Sickles, was especially devoted in his admiration, but Miss Virginia married Monsieur Sam-

Paris, where they move in the best society.

payo, then an attache of the French Legation. He is related to the Roths-childs, and they were recently living at

ling houses. Society forgot the escapades of her youth, and she became one of the Lady Bountifuls of the me-tropolis, devoting special attention to the care of her orph.n granddaughters, the children of her daughter Margaret

Just as her granddaughter Emma entered girlhood, Mrs. Eaton was induced to send her to dancing school opened in a building which she owned, by Antonio Buchignani, a stalwart young Ital-ian, who had come to Washington, it was said, carrying a hand-organ. Soon she became a regular attendant at his classes, then she asked the master to reside at her house, and then the woman of sixty married the man of twentytwo, settling all her property upon him.
The Rev. Dr. Pyne, whose church
she attended, refused to perform the marriage ceremony, but a clergyman was found who was less scrupulous, and for a time all went merry as the tradi-tionary marriage bells. No mother tionary marriage bells. No mother ever took greater pride and delight in a son than she did in that mercenary, ignorant, good-looking young fellow, and the antique bride used to take special delight in promenading Pennsylvania avenue, leaning on the arm of her boyish lord. When the war broke out he persuaded her to remove to New York, and he there deliberately converted her real estate into eash.

One fine day a steamer left New York for Havre, and among the passengers were Mrs. Eaton's husband and young granddaughter. The scoundrel wrote her a cold-blooded letter, in which he regretted that there was so much difference in their ages, and sent her the deeds of a house in Washington for which \$900 a year rent was paid. deserted old woman thought of her dis-graced granddaughter, and at once obained a divorce that he might marry the girl. He did so, and the runaway couple returned.

Meanwhile Lieut. Randolph had married, and had lost his wife and his prop-erty. Some friends obtained for him a \$900 clerkship in the Ordnance Department when Buchanan was President, but he nad not enjoyed it long before his sin against the great Democratic chieftain was raked out from the records of the past and he was made the subject of so much clamor and complaint that he was dismissed. During the remainder of his life he was dependent on the charity of his friends, but he lived to witness the terrible punishment and humiliation of the woman who was the original agent in his undoing. She who had made Jackson commit an act of gross injustice, had in her old age beome the victim of cruel deception and foul wrong. But her humiliation did the poor old man no good.

Mrs. Eaton—no longer Madame Bu. chignani—returned to Washington when Booth's pistol had made Andrew Johnson President. He was a Tennessecan, the friend of Gen. Eaton, and he gladly granted some favors for which she isked, to her pecuniary benefit. boarded at a second class boarding house, on the shady side of Pennsylvania avenue, not very far from the capitol, and she used to attend the leading debates. Her hair was snow-white, and her once seautiful features were seamed with wrinkles, but her eyes were as bright as they were when she first captured Gen. Jackson. She loved to talk of the days of her past prosperity, and I heard her say one day that the real estate which she settled upon her boy husband was appraised that year a

\$110,000. Gen. Grant did not give Mrs. Eaton a ery enthusiastic reception at the White on to say, "and he promised to grant the request—but he never dia!" Mrs. Eaton was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Hayes, and spoke warmly of that lady's kind reception of her, and he grace and dignity with which she pre-sided over the White House.

The triumphs, troubles, vanities and vexations of Mrs. Eaton's long life, which was only ended a few years since, would furnish a fine theme for an historical novel, the heroine of which would display undaunted courage and much philosophy.

Dukes.

Dukes were unknown in Scotland previous to the year 1398, when, upon the occasion of a meeting between John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and the Scots Lords to arrange terms of peace, some question of precedence seems, according to the suggestion of Douglas to have arisen. Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, was at this time virtually Governor of the Northern Kingdom. His father, King Robert II., was stricken in years; his elder brother, the Earl of Carrick, was in ill health. The English Prince bore the ducal title, and set a fashion for Scotland which was immediately followed. The Hereditary Prince, whose position had so far been sufficiently llustrated by his bearing the old title of Robert Bruce, was now made Duke of Rothesay in the Isle of Bute: while the Regent, as if to dignify his own position to the utmost, was not content to be styled Duke of a single town, or even of a county, but chose a name which, however obscurely, should denote noth-ing less than the whole of what we know as the Highlands of Scotland. Such seems to be the meaning of the name of Albany. Mr. Skene has used the word as signifying Celtic Scotland. It is to be found, slightly disguised, as a name for the whole island in various classical autho s. There is no essential difference between it and Albion, which occurs in Aristotle. It has often been sserted that the word is an allusion to he white cliffs of our southern shores s they gleam across the channel, while has also been derived from the same bot as Alb or Alp, a hight. Shakespeare has made good use of the title in King Lear, the plot of which is foun in manyd the old romancing chroniclers, who ere particularly in fashion when the use of Stuart ascended the English rone. According to them, the first ake of Albany was named Magland, and marrying Goneril, one of the co-heirs of Lear, or Llyr, had a son Mogan, who gave his name to a Welsh county. When Fife chose Albany for his dukedom the meaning of the name had gradually shrunk. Long before his day the Irish historians apply Alba to Scotland; yet the other form of the name Albion occurs in an English character as late as the beginning of the Eleventh century; and it is possible that Ethelred, when he Albionis," intended to denote that the whole of Great Britain was under his

power. Ptolemy, the geographer, men-tions a tribe of "Albini," who were

among those he enumerates as dwelling

north of the Brigantes; and some recent

name signified to him and to his conemporaries that part of Scotland which lies north of the Firths of Clyde and Forth. He had no idea of becoming Duke in partibus. Albany was a place not merely a name, and we cannot but conclude that its revival implies more han an accidental reference to the

The Old Horses and the New.

ortnightly Review. As soon as our three most illustrious Eastern colonists, the Byerley Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin horse of unknown parentage, had es-tablished themselves and their families in the land, the breeding of the English race-horse may be said to have consum-mated itself. Older foreign sires helped to feed the descents for awhile; thus Brilliant has little or nothing to do with the Byerley Turk, and King Herod is perhaps the last horse of renown who a stranger in blood to the Godolphin. Still the three families were inextrica-bly intertwined 100 years ago, and have gone on combining and recombining themselves ever since, so that for all practical purposes there are three gene-alogies and three only, still in their pristine vigor. Setting aside exceptional animals, from 1750 let us say, to 1815, or thereabouts, the English race-horse was perhaps at his best. The 2-year-old races, though creeping in during the latter half of this period, were not yet very general; there were, consequently. wretches, and the good, swift r or not swifter, were of a more valuable sort and a richer national possession. The real difference between the old set and the new of ani-mals seems to be this: That wiereas the earlier runners thought nothing of new, and all will want to redecorate. contesting three four-mile races week, and kept their power of doing this year after year, the modern flyer who accomplishes three miles once in his career and does not break down until after he has ceased to be a colt is con-

sidered a prodigy.

Fair Oaks Battlefield. The neighbors seem to comprehend when one begins to ask them questions concerning the "Fair Oaks battlefield," for while Northern writers speak of the battle as fought there, the fight is locally known as that of Seven Pines. Fair Station, on the Richmond and York Railroad, is within easy rifle shot of the Seven Pines Cemetery. A man with long legs-even one of McClellan's veterans-could travel between the two points in five minutes, especially, as in lays of yore, if behind the runner was a rough-and-resdy rebel with a gun. The intervening belt of land is now in lumber, much of which has grown up since the battle. A Federal redoubt is well preserved in one bit of woods, and the marks of riflepits may be seen occasionally. Issuing from the woods, we came to the little building used for a railroad station, and, crossing the railroad, were soon resting in a grove of oaks that are fair, indeed. The oaks now number 33. They stand in front of a farm house, and their acorn shells are scattered over the yard. There are no marks of fighting about the house, but in its rear, where brave old Sumner, who sniffed the battle from the other bank of the Chickahominy, five miles away, put himself up as a shield for the there are trees that were killed army, by shells and other evidences of the his purpose and his destination. That struggle.

The Partnership Business.

Detroit Free Press. was to whack up on profits. Dat Cresar am a bad man, an' doan' you forget it. I'd bin cleaned out high-sky. sort of a game d'ye spose he tried to play on me?

No one could guess, and finishing the the rest of his onion the old man continued:-"Well, sah, when we come to roas" dem peanuts dat Casar wanted me to

believe dat de shrinkage offshot all my

sheer in de bizness, an' he ordered me to get away from dat roaster an' go "An' you went to law?" "No, sah! I got an inspirashun 'bout dat time, an' I poured de whole bushel into a barrel of water. In five minits back and gin me six shillin' claim on de roaster besides, an' de way Casar

ship an' git out beat any hoss race you

eber saw!

Don't Marry for Money. Richmond Dispatch. Uncle Pleasant Batkins is sixty and his wife seventy-two. The other day a friend said: "Uncle Pleasant, why in the mischief did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?"
"You see, boy," he replied, with a sigh,
"I was a working for Long John Freeman, in Hanover, when I was jest ighteen, and Sary Ann Russ, old Mrs. Russes only daughter, was t irty if she wur a day. At every quiltin' she used o chuse me for her partner, and everybody said it appeared like she wur'a courtm' me. She gimme four pair of cotton socks and a heap of things, but till I didn't have no notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve, I went to the old woman's, and I had hard:v set down before Sarv Ann brought me some sweet pertato pie, which she knowed I was monstrous fond of. While I was catin' it I heard the old woman up-stairs a countin' silver dollars. Now, thar was no plaster to the sealin', and the upstairs floo had cracks in it as wide as my finger. So, you see, I could hear the jingle of the money jest as well as if I had been up that myself. When she had counted 906 I drawed up to Sary Ann and popped the question. In course she said she'd have me, and the next Thursday we was married. Now, what do you think I found out next day? Why, that the old woman didn t have but thirty Mexican dollars, and that she counted 'em over and over jest to fool me. Don't marry for money, boy, specially for silver dollars.

"Mottoes." It is a solemn fact that nine-tenths of hose people who spent three years in putting up such mottoes as "God Bless our home," "Feed My sheep," "Bless My Lambs," and so on down to "For-get Me Not," have spent the last two in taking them down and looking for something different. There is a demand for something different, and genius should arouse herself and get down to business. "God Bless our Home" was all right Hermitage when General Jackson died there, and they afterwards settled in Washington where the General died in 1856, leaving his widow a handsome fortune, including a number of dwel-

the poor, but the rest of us know what groceries and provisions cost. We have got to feed ourselves, and all bills are ash at the end of thirty days.

Let's have something new and some thing appropriate. "Turn Down the 'And also the Kerosene Lamp," when worked in colors and framed in gilt, it would beat a chromo of the Yo semite Valley all hollow. "Shut That Door" is a little old, but let us add:
"Or I'll wallop you!" and it at once becomes a thing to be gazed at and pondered over. "Forget Me Not" has no significance at all and should never have appeared as a motto. No one will for-get you if you are like the rest of the world. Let us replace those meaningless words with: "Remember those

Carpet Tacks." "Honor Thy Father and Mother" seems to have played out entirely as a motto, and can no longer be found at the fancy stores. What is now wanted is a card reading: "Give the Old Folks a Show." Remember the Sabbath" hangs in thousands of homes where the old man goes fishing, the mother darns stockings, and the children play ball and marbles all day long. "Remember your Water Tax" would be far more Remember appropriate for such a family, and per-haps save considerable expense and trouble. "In the Sweet By-and-by" reads very well, but there is too much chance for disappointment. Better re-place it with "We'll all Gather on the Veranda after Supper." no veranda of your own gather on the one next door Take 'em all down and pack 'em away. They are like a promssory note without a date. Some chap will soon strike a lead in something

The Man on the Bicycle.

The man on the bicycle is invariably a silent man-a presccupied manman upon whose face is written an utter indifference of all things met with on his bright and sunny way. He may attract, and rivet, and clinch the curious attention of hundreds, but he is never attracted by anything or any-body. It is a part of his strange fate to appear simply an automatic section of his machine. He cannot even tell you why he works his legs in that peculiar way; indeed for the most part, he seems totally oblivious of the fact that he has a pair of legs to work at all, and yet the spasmodic regularity in the swiftly alternating undulations of his knees will command at once the attentive admiration of every lowly pedestrian he passes in the street. The man of the bicycle seems always to be going passes in the street. The man on somewhere a very great number of miles from here. Evidently he has not hoisted himself up there astride of that great spindle-shanked wheel either for the mere fun of the thing or to accent his beauty or grace of figure before the multitude. He is there for a purpose, rest assured, however inscrutable a mystery as it may seem to us. It is enough for us to recognize in his profound abstraction and melancholy bear ing that he knows the goal of his ambition and will arrive there in proper time, no fear. Whateveremotions may be surging at his heart, whatever tempestuous yearning at riot in the soul within, the stoic face goes glimmering by us, betraying nothing but the grave content of one whose clear convictions have never failed him yet. He knows is enough.

A Lion in Town. Says the San Francisco Alta: A few she called on President Hayes, he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands and ask her what he could do to serve her. "I told him," she would go on to say, "and he promised to great the serve her. "I told him," she would go on to say, "and he promised to great the serve her. "I told him," she would go on to say, "and he promised to great the serve her. "I told him," she would go on to say, "and he promised to great the same partnership will cause the same partnership biz-ness am powerful resky," said the old appearance on the streets of Petaluma. He had evidently become acquainted with California customs by a residence among the ranches which surround the de peanut bizness. He furnished de town, and which had doubtless afforded roaster an' I bought de peanuts, an' we him hospitality. As he was not at all was to whack up on profits, Dat Casaa obtrusive, but walked quietly down Washington street, attending to his own If I hadn't bin on the watch for him business, he did not at first attract any What attention. A few children who saw him paid no more attention to him than if he had been a large dog. Not so a cer-tain valiant citizen, who, to show his brayery, made a most furious onslaught with his fully-charged Winchester. The first shot slightly wounded our lion, and showed that his confidence in the peacefulness of Petaluma's citizens had been misplaced. He sought to leave town, but too late; the next shot rendered him lame, and when the Winchester was emptied, he was dead. The gallant Nimrod, waving his empty gun and dragging the fallen monarch by the tail. headed an enthusiastic procession of dem peanuts had swelled all my capital street boys to the nearest butcher shop where the animal was found to be seven feet one inch long, and to weigh gin me three dollars to dissolve partner- pounds. If somebody had only walked up to the peaceful thing and put a rope around his neck, he might have sold to some menagerie and all the ammunition saved.

Stuffing Her Dog.

Mrs. Carlyle had a little pet lap-dog, named Nero, of which she was very fond. Carlyle used to take Nero out with him for a run every night when he went for his eleven o'clock walk, and I have often noticed, when I have walked with him, how carefully he looked after his little charge, occasionally whistling to him, (not exactly with his lips, but with a small pocket whistle,) lest he should run astray or otherwise come to grief. This little dog at last grew old and asthmatic; until it was a misery to look at his sufferings; until in short, like many another little pet, he had to be kindly and painlessly put out of his little troubles. This was a great grief to Mrs. Carlyle, who never could quite reconcile herself to the clear necessity. She was telling her grief to a lady friend, who, I believe had not been very long married, when her friend, trying to say something to comfort her, suggested, "Why not have him stuffed?" "Stuffed!" said Mrs. him stuffed? "Stuffed; said and Carlyle, wit a flash of indignation, "would you stuff your baby?" She was also very tender-hearted with her pets, and especially with her servants, whom she tried in every way to attach to her, sometimes, but not always, with perfect success.

A Lazy Boy's Luck.

A Vermont farmer had a lazy, shiftless son who everybody said ought to go out and feed swine on a small salary, but who refused almost to feed himself. Everybody agreed that he was a good for nothing, and one day the old man ambled him out of the house with the toe of his boot. The boy went away and invented the lemon squeezer, and in one year had enoug money in his pocket to buy his old dad ten times over. He made altogether \$20,000 from the patent, and the man be sold to made \$100,000 in three years. There are two morals here. Kick your boy into luck, and then kick him again to keep him from selling out at a too

"I'll feed my boarders on the fat of the land," observed Mrs. Stuffem as she which takes away a great deal of its receipted for a tub of olemargarine. caustic properties. The different cirof Duke of Albany at Scone in 1398 the those who depend upon the director of receipted for a tub of olemargarine.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSE-HOLD.

Working Brood Mares.

Cational Live Stock Journal, Chicago, Brood mares, while suckling thei foals, may safely be used for moderate work, but under such conditions they must be generously fed, and care should be exercised to prevent the foals from sucking while the mares are over-heated. It will usually be found more conven-ient to leave the foal in the stable while working the mare; and in such cases she should be permitted to stand until thoroughly cooled off before the foal has access to her. Care must be taken when the little fellows are first left alone that they do not cripple or injure them-selves in their efforts to get out and follow the dam, but they will soon learn to take it quietly, and then there is no danger.

Firm Butter Without Ice.

In small families where the dairy mall, a good plan to have butter cool and firm without ice is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large sized, porous, earth ern flower-pot, with a large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand-such as is used for holding hot irons will do; upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower-pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower-pot, and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will readily evaporate the water from the pot and the butter will be as firm and ool as if from an ice house.

Moth Worms. Indiana Farmer. We are continuously in receipt of leters asking about the moth worm. What ean I do to rid my hives of the worms? The worms killed one swarm for me, etc., etc. It seems impossible to convince many of our readers that the loss which they attribute to the worms, is the effect and not the cause. Worms are natural to the hives and are hatching on the combs to a greater or less extent all the time, but so long as a colony is in good condition they keep them cleaned out and they do but little damage. But let a hive become queenless for any length of time, or so reduced in numbers as not to be able to protect the ombs, and they will soon be over-run and fall a victim to the worms. hive contains more comb than the bee can cover it gives the worms a fine chance which they are not slow to ac cept. The worms take possession of the combs only when the bees can n onger defend them. Getting a good old in some part of the hive, they soon build such a mass of webs and cocoon that the bees are unable to dislodge hem and although in fair condition, the bees are crowded over to one side, be come discouraged and leave for parts unknown, while the careless apiarian on examination, finds a few bees in the hives, which were out in the field, hatched out after the swarm absconded, attributes his loss to the worms, for you know we are very loth to charge any thing to our own carelessness.

Geese.

Florid and River. It may do for some to condemn geese, and to refuse to raise them on account of their foraging propensities, yet there are many farmers' wives who know where the warm, cosy feather beds come frigid winter weather; while many of them can, with pardonable pride, point out scores of useful and valuable things in the house, which would not have been bought at all had it not been for the profits realized each year from the surprofits realized each year from the surplus eese which were marketed by them during the holidays, and which they attended to and successfully reared by a and beast. Soliday other ills incident to man and beast. Soliday all Dringgists. judicious use of the spare moments during the spring and summer. On a farm, where they can have plenty of space and an abundance of grass for forage, they will do well, and will cost comparatively little to raise; and a grain or dairy farm is just the place for them. They cannot bear confinement, and care must be taken that they do not get at the young chicks when the old geese are sitting or have young, for they may destroy many a young chick, as we have occasionally suffered considerable loss that way.

Science and Agriculture. millan's Magazin

This lack of adequate development in griculture is due to two main causes: to the rarity of scientific investigation into the principles upon which the tilling of the ground (and the care of cattle) ought to be carried out—i. e., into the laws governing the growth of crops and of easts--and to the want of adequate scientific training on the part of the farmer. So far from being an occupation which any one may follow without adequate preparation, being governed simply by rude empiric rules, farming is in reality a difficult art, demanding wide scientific knowledge and sound scien-tific judgment on the part even of him who merely practices it, and taxing to the utmost the skill and power of original inquiry of those who desire to advance its scientific basis. There is an urgent need in this, as in other countries, of scientific investigation, as distinguished from mere empiric trials, of sustained inquiry as distinguished from scattered and fitful experiments, into the relations of soil and crops, of beasts and food, in order that the tillage of the land may, like the practice of other pro fessions in which man has to struggle against nature, expand with increasing insight into the laws of nature instead of being hampered by blind obedience to traditions and narrowed by timid ex perience. There is no less urgent need that the practical farmer should far trained in science as to be able to make an intelligent use of the advantages which science offers him, as wel as to be able to avoid the snares which false science continually spreads for him.

Lime as a Manure.

Mr. R. Gordon, of Gordonston, Aber-leenshire, Scotland, writes on this topic as follows, in the North British Agricul-

"Lime is one of the most important natural manures we possess, and the value of its application to the soil has been known from very early periods. The action of lime as a manure is entirely regulated by the form and manner in which it is applied to the soil. Quick lime should be used for heavy and tenacious soils, as well as those containing a fair quantity of vegetable matter in it. caustic lime would in such a case do more harm than good. Mild lime ought to be used, treated with a mixture of earth, and exposure to the atmospheric air, from which it takes carbonic ascid,

comstances and conditions of soil will not allow a uniform practice to be adopted; but judgment and experience ought to regulate the application of all manures. Every farmer should study his own soil, and thereby he would be able to avoid the misapplication of good manure. Before the introduction of artificial manures, lime was more universally used than now, which helps to account for the poor crops of clover, and the difficulty of raising good turnes.

It is essentially necessary that a supply of lime should exist in the soil to meet the requirements of the various crops. Every cultivated plant needs a supply of lime for the proper building up of its structure, and, in combination with phosphoric acid, lime forms a large porphosphoric acid, line forms a large por-tion of the skeletons of the animals who feed upon the crops. A soil may contain large supplies of every ingredi-ent which a crop requires, and still be unable to yield them to the plant, they begin in an inactive state, as it is only that portion of the soil which is soluble in water which is available as plant food. Any analysis of a soil which is

soluble in water which is available as plant food. Any analysis of a soil which only tells its composition, is of little value unless it can show the active matter ready to be taken up by the crop. Lime acts upon the dormant matter in the soil, and performs the important function of rendering these active. Clay soils generally contain within themselves potash and soda, and we know by experiment that lime liberates these inorganic elements. According to Prof. Way, lime helps to form a valuable class of salts known as double silleates or alumina, which has the power of absorbing ammonia from the atmosphere. Lime neutralizes the acids in the soil and sweetens the herbage, besides supplying food for the perfect growth of the crops. It is thought by some to be a wasteful practice to allow lime to come in immediate contact with farmyard manure, thinking it would cause a less of ammonia; but they overlook the controlling influence consequent upon the action taking place in the soil. The action of caustic lime upon a mixture of farmyard manure and decayed organic matter produces a most valuable fertilizer, viz., nitrate of potash. Lime besides being a plant food, and bringing into useful condition the several organic and inorganic matters in the soil, also improves its physical character, rendering stiff and tenacious clays more friable and easy to work. However, the use of lime renders a supply of other manure necessary, and under a good system of husbandry the increase of crops will in-crease the quantity of manure. Taking into account the various functions it performs, it is one of our best natural manures. However, it cannot be expected to produce its full effects immediately after being applied.

A citizen, driving on the road the other day, met a lad about twelve years old on the highway some six or seven miles from the city. The boy had a shot gun as long as himself, but no game, and the citizen inquired: "Out for a hunt?"

"I was out for a hunt," was the re-

"And you baven't killed anything?" "Well, no."

"And you don't expect to?"

"Not unless I kin git within striking distance. You see two of us came out together. After we got out here I wanted to hunt for lions, and the other boy wanted to shoot ostriches, and so we divided up. He took the powder and shot, and I took the gun. I'm over here looking for turnips, and he's over in that field watching a holler log for bears."

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